Violet Deception

`deception` `romance` `betrayal`

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Chapter 1 by -

I could smell the usual coffee and cinnamon aroma as I rang the doorbell. I heard Kerria rustling about and clipping across the living room. The sound of music switched on – Tchaikovsky's Waltz of the Flowers, her favorite.

The door swung open and she ushered me into the little polished kitchen, where she had two crystal glasses of lemonade placed upon the bar.

"I've been expecting you," she shot me a side glance, a slight grin. In that instant, her eyes seemed to bore into me - there was a meaning in them I couldn't make out.

"Please, have a seat," She slid the black round stool, waving her slender hand over it. Kerria took my jacket, hung it by the door and then carefully sat down next to me, and began casually chatting.

The conversation seemed constrained. Why was she avoiding all eye contact? In my annoyance, I looked about the apartment. I could still hear her voice, rambling in the background, mixing

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"Who are those flowers from?" It came out agitated, I wasn't trying to sound mad, but she was so irksome right now.

"Why, those aren't mine," Kerria gave a nervous laugh "they are yours!" she stood up and turned towards me assertively, with her hands outlining the vase in the other room.

Her violet stare seemed to be challenging me. What cool indifference! I jumped up, grabbed my jacket, and opened the door. I took one look over my shoulder – her eyes were now pained and moistened – just like the other day. I slammed the door shut.

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